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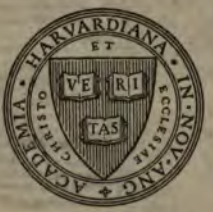

THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL

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VIRGINIA;

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OR,

RINGING THE CHANGES.

WRITTEN BY

HENRY P. STEPHENS.

COMPOSED BY

EDWARD SOLOMON.

(AUTHORS OF "BILLEE TAYLOR," ETC.)

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY WM. A. POND & CO., 25 UNION SQUARE,
(Broadway, between 15th & 16th Streets.)
CHICAGO: CHICAGO MUSIC CO., 152 STATE ST.
LONDON: CHAPPELL & CO., NEW BOND STREET.

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VIRGINIA;

OR,

RINGING THE CHANGES.

A

NEW AND ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

HENRY P. STEPHENS.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

VIRGINIA;

OR,

RINGING THE CHANGES.

CHARACTERS:

NICHOLAS DE VILLE, a mysterious personage.
PAUL PLANTAGENET, a gamekeeper.
ROBINSON BROWNJONES, a railway guard.
SAMUEL NUBBLES, a "navvy."
SIGNOR MACARONI, a photographer.
LADY MAGNOLIA, a landed proprietress.
VIRGINIA SOMERSET, a goose girl.
MRS. COWSLIP, a farmeress.
AMY, the grocer's daughter.
ALICE, the butcher's daughter.
MILDRED, the bookseller's daughter.

Chorus of milkmaids, Chorus of peasants, Chorus of Younger Sons, Chorus of "navvies," Chorus of fishwives, Chorus of bathers, Chorus of photographers, etc.

First produced in America at the Bijou Opera House, New York, under the management of JOHN A. MCCAULL (by arrangement with Messrs. BROOKS and DICKSON).

VIRGINIA;

OR,

RINGING THE CHANGES.

ACT I.

"THE FARM ON THE CLIFF."

No. 1.—OPENING CHORUS—(Villagers.)

CHORUS.

May day once again is here;
Hail! to the merry, merry May.
Day that to our hearts is dear;
Hail! to the merry, merry May.
Hark! the lark with rapture trills;
Gaily babble brooks and rills;
Winds blow soft across the hills;
Nature goes a Maying.
Welcome! buds that flow'rs shall be!
Welcome! leaves upon the tree;
As our fathers did, do we,
And merrily go Maying.

MRS. COWSLIP (*from window*). Goodness gracious! what's this noise
That rouses me from sleeping?
Pray remember, girls and boys,
That age is o'er me creeping:
Idle not your time, for this
Behavior is unseeming.
Cease your chatter, stop this clatter—
Leave me to my dreaming!

CHORUS. Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!
There's no work for us to-day,
For it is the first of May,
Yes, it is the first of May.

MRS. COWSLIP. Yes! I forgot the first of May,
Paul and Virginia's wedding day.
CHORUS. Paul and Virginia's wedding day.

No. 2.—LAMENT.

(MRS. COWSLIP.)

Just one and twenty years ago,
When bread was high and wages low,
I had a grandson born, and so,
Altho' it filled my heart with woe,
One night, amid the falling snow,
I at the Foundling left the lad.
Poor little lad!
Too bad! too bad!
Upon his throat (just like his dad)
A pottle* of strawberry marks he had.
But what was also very plain,
When later on I went again
And claimed the boy, my sweet grandson,
Had not a pottle of marks, but one!

Oh! deed most dark,
How was it done?
He'd only one
Red strawberry mark;

Yes, one on his throttle,
Instead of a pottle.
One strawberry mark—
Just one—and not a pottle!

No. 3.—QUARTETTE.—"THE FORLORN FOUNDLING."

(BROWNJONES, AMY, MILDRED *and* ALICE.)

BROWN. You surely must appreciate
The woes of one who can't
Declare his mother, acknowledge his brother,
Or recognize his aunt.
Who never kiss'd his grandpapa,
Nor grasp'd a cousin's hand,
Who knows no name nor whence he came—
A stranger in the land.

REFRAIN. O! where is my dear familee?
Where are my father and my mother?
Give back to me my pedigree;
Come to me, sister and brother!
Lullalietee! lullalietee!
Come to me—prove me another,
Lullalietee! lullalietee!
Am I myself or my brother?

AMY. We don't know who your parents were;
Indeed, we wished we knew;
Your sweet little sister,
We're sure we have miss'd her—
Your great grand uncle, too.

BROWN. My governor's an utter blank;
He may be a millionaire,
Or a pauper duke or a wealthy "fluke,"
But where is he? oh! where?
Refrain as before.

---

* Strawberries are sold in England in baskets called "punnets" and "pottles."

No. 4.—SONG.—"THE BONNY GREEN COAT."

(PAUL.)

I study the habits
Of roebucks and rabbits;
Ev'ry covey that's hatched is well known to me.
I can readily swear
To the "form" of each hare,
And "flush" ev'ry woodcock from over the sea.
The stoat and the hawk
I defiantly balk;
With my pheasants sly reynard is never too free,
And in ruddy September,
Or chilly November,
While I keep the game 'tis the game that keeps me
Refrain. O! the Cockney may tell
Of the joys of Pall Mall,
And in frock coat and tall hat a dandy may be.
But it's far better fun,
With your dog and your gun,
In a bonny green coat 'neath a bonny green tree!

No. 5.—SONG.—"THE BLACK AND RED ROVER."

(DE VILLE.)

(*Recitative.*) I am a curse, or even worse;
I make men sorrow and repine;
The means I use they can't refuse,
I tempt with women, money, wine!
The world is ruled, the world is fooled,
With money, women, wine!

(*Air* You can find my form in the pelting storm,
In the thunder and lightning's glare;
In the cannon's crash and the railway smash,
You might note my presence there;
In the burning sand of the Indian strand,
In the ice of the Frozen Sea;
In the sad upset
Of a bill not "met,"
If you look you will still find me.
Ha! ha! ho! ho!
Yes! mortals must sorrow and grieve,
When they see me they cannot believe
That a party so smart is a scoundrel at heart,
Who would wilfully slander and thieve,
And if any man wishes to be
A disgrace to his family tree,
That man I would tell
To just go to—Well,
To a fellow who's very like me!

On the pulled-in horse
I've my seat, of course,
With the welcher I bolt away,
'Tis at my command,
That the forger's hand
With his writing goes astray;
I'm in "Nabob Pickle" or "Yankee Tickle,"
I'm in pepper and mustard's bite,
I sit by the bed,
And I rack the head
Of the man who is out all night!

No. 6.—CHORUS OF MILKMAIDS.—"COCKADOODLEDOO."

When the day is breaking,
When the morn is gray,
When the world is waking,
We are far away,
Where the kine are lowing
On the distant lawn,
While the rooster's crowing,
Welcome to the dawn.
"Cockadoodledoo," he seems to say,
"Cockadoodledoo," 'tis break of day,
"Cockadoodledoo," rise up, away,
For milkmaids must go milking!

When the tilling's over,
When at rest the share,
When the new mown clover
Scents the summer air;
When the teams are going
Homeward to the stall,
Then the rooster's crowing,
"Good night" from the wall.
"Cockadoodledoo," he seems to say,
"Cockadoodledoo," 'tis close of day,
"Cockadoodledoo," 'tis time for play,
So milkmaids end your milking.

VIRGINIA (*without.*) Coo-ee! Coo-ee!
MILKMAIDS. Virginia's near! How sweet her voice is ringing!
VIRG. Coo-ee! Coo-ee!
MILK. Virginia's here! All gladness with her bringing,—
All gladness with her bringing!

No. 6½.—SONG.—VIRGINIA.

Oh! what a scamper I've had on the lea,
Oh! what a race with the morning breeze;
The daffodils nodded their heads at me,
And the branches bowed on the aspen trees;

The little red fox wink'd at me from the rocks,
The magpie call'd out, "She is there," to the jay,
And the turtle dove cried to his new made bride,
"She's going to be married to Paul to-day!"

CHORUS. And the turtle dove cried, etc.

No more shall I roam with my goslings away,
No more shall I muse by the lonely sea;
No more shall I envy the squirrels at play,
And wait for my Paul at the trysting tree;

'Tis the morn of a life with such happiness rife,
That beast, bird, and plant with my gladness seem gay,
O, sea! heaven! earth! join with me in my mirth,
I am going to be married to Paul to-day!
O, sea! heaven! earth! etc.

No. 7.—CHORUS OF "YOUNGER SONS."

We are younger sons, you see,
Who are needing £ s. d.;
We haven't got cash, so we're trying to "mash"
All the ladies who've more than we.
We may not have many pence,
And our strong point isn't sense,
But we make up in looks
For a want of bank books,
And we're "dressy" as we can be
But this our souls annoys,
And all our pleasure cloys,
Our mustaches won't sprout
Nor our whiskers come out.
But why should they call us "boys!"
Boys! Boys! Boys!
What a horrible word is "boys!"
It makes us "wild,"
And awfully "riled,"
To be taken for hobbledehoys

We do everything we know
To prove ourselves men, and so
We get sick on cigars,
And we liquor in bars,
And we don't care what we owe
We most of us play roulette,
And we on the Derby bet
We have been to Paree,
And have done Italee,
And they know us at Monaco.

But this our souls annoys,
And all our pleasure cloys,
That *she* shouldn't see
What fine men are we,
But scornfully calls us boys.
Boys! boys! boys!
What a horrible word is "boys!"
It makes us "wild,"
And awfully "riled,"
To be taken for hobbledehoys!

No. 8.—CONCERTED PIECE AND SONG.

(LADY MAGNOLIA, YOUNGER SONS, MILKMAIDS *and* VIRGINIA.)

LADY MAG. My dear young friends, what do you want?
What would you each respectively?

YOUNG. SONS. To marry you, although we can't
Make you our wife collectively.

LADY MAG. O! Younger Sons, I beg you pause
(I'll put the matter nicely),
You want to marry me because
I am so rich.

YOUNG. SONS. Precisely.

MILKMAIDS. Alas! they said "precisely.

VIRG. O! gentlemen! O! gentlemen! how shockingly distressing
Are these same sentiments which you
So boldly are confessing!

MILK. Yes! yes! how horribly distressing!

VIRG. Allow me then to tell to you
What lads and lasses ought to do—
At least my granny told me so,
And ought not grandmamma to know?

MILK. She ought of course to know.

No. 8½.—VIRGINIA.—"GRANDMOTHER TOLD ME."

Men should be models of all that is pure;
Grandmother told me that, you know.
Braver than lions—as maidens demure;
Grandmother told me that, you know.
Young bachelors never should go "on the spree,"
And men who are married should come home to tea;
But these are the men whom, alas! we don't see.
Grandmother told me that, you know.

Refrain. Grandmother told me that, you know;
Whatever she tells me of course is true.
Grandmother told me that, and so,
What grandmother tells me of course I do!

The men are a parcel of make believe;
Grandmother told me that, you know.
Who try the poor women to trick and deceive;
Grandmother told me that, you know.
They'll tell you soft nonsense and whisper of bliss;
Some will even forget to address you as "miss,"
While others will actually treat you like this.
[*Imitates kissing.*

Grandmother told me that, you know!

Girls in the city are cunning and sly;
Grandmother told me that, you know.
Girls in the country are simple and shy;
Grandmother told me that, you know.
But girls in the country no rambles will take
With men who professions of love to them make,
For girls in the country are quite wide awake;
Grandmother told me that, you know!

CHORUS. Grandmother told her that, we know;
What grandmother tells her of course is true;
Grandmother told her that, and so
What grandmother told her of course she'll do!

No. 9.—QUINTET—"'TIS THE RING MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND."

(VIRGINIA, LADY MAGNOLIA, PAUL, BROWNJONES and DE VILLE.)

LADY MAG. Since ever so long ago,
A circlet of gold,
DE VILLE. Ho! ho!
LADY MAG. Binding husband to wife,
Is the gage of a life,
Since ever so long ago.
DE VILLE. Ho! ho!
LADY MAG. No diamond's sheen
Is brighter, I ween,
And no gem can more precious be found,
From the king on his throne,
To the peasant all own,
'Tis the Ring makes the World go round.
Since ever so long ago,
Before monarch was ever crown'd,
As it was yesterday,
So it will be alway,
And the Ring make the World go round.
LADY MAG. So take this ring,
And may it bring
You all that you desire.

PAUL. Oh! what is this?
Strange sense of bliss,
My heart is all on fire.
DE VILLE. They are on fire!
And prithee choose,
You can't refuse
The keeper you admire.
VIRG. Ah! what is this?
Strange sense of bliss,
My heart is all on fire!
DE VILLE. They are on fire!
Ha! ha! I will retiré!
Burn on, I will retire.

No. 9½.—VOCAL VALSE—"LOVE'S SEASONS"—QUARTET.

(LADY MAGNOLIA, VIRGINIA, PAUL and BROWNJONES.)

PAUL. } Is this love that I feel is thrilling
BROWN. } My heart as I never yet knew?
VIRG. } Is this love that my eyes is filling,
LADY MAG. } With a light that is fond and true?
BROWN. } Is this love I shall keep and cherish,
PAUL, } Is it love that will last for aye?
VIRG. } Is this only a dream to perish,
LADY MAG. } And fade with the coming day?
ALL. It is love that we shall remember
When the spring time has pass'd away,
When this May has become December,
It is true love to live for aye,
For ever and for aye!

No. 10.—DUET.—"FROLICKING, ROLLICKING."

(DE VILLE and MRS. COWSLIP.)

DE VILLE. Trapsicking and trollicking,
Frollicking, rollicking,
Gay as a jolly king,
Quick as a flea.
Very fantastical,
Almost gymnastical,
Perfectly plastical,
Trip it with me!
MRS. C. Not quite æsthetical,
Rather athletical,
Slightly emetical,
Dancing, I see;
Skip like a goat about,
Airily float about,
Sail like a boat about,
Tripping with me.

DE VILLE. I feel like a merry-go-round,
MRS. C. I feel like a bird on the wing,
DE VILLE. I feel like a ball on the bound,
MRS. C. I feel like a giddy young thing,
DE VILLE. I feel I've St. Vitus' dance,
MRS. C. I feel I shall very soon stop,
DE VILLE. I feel like an eel,
In the midst of a reel,
MRS. C. } Yet I feel I'll go on till I drop, drop, drop!
DE VILLE. } And I feel I'll go on with my hop.
DE VILLE. Show your agility,
MRS. C. Mark my ability,
DE VILLE. Note our facility,
MRS. C. Keep up the hop.
DE VILLE. Coat tails may whirl around,
MRS. C. Petticoats twirl around,
DE VILLE. Trousers may curl around
Legs, we don't stop.
MRS. C. Marionetical,
DE VILLE. Most energetical,
MRS. C. Rather upsetical;
DE VILLE. Point out your toe.
MRS. C. Gingerly jig about,
DE VILLE. Shake your old wig about,
MRS. C. Skip like a grig about;
Onward we go.
DE VILLE. I feel like a jolly young bat,
MRS. C. I feel like a light happy lamb,
DE VILLE. I feel like a jaunty tom cat,
MRS. C. I feel like a bottle of "Cham."
DE VILLE. I feel like a will-o'-the-wisp,
MRS. C. I feel like a big humming top;
DE VILLE. I can dance like a bear,
MRS. C. Or a merry March hare,
DE VILLE. } And I feel we must end with a flop! flop! flop!
MRS. C. } And we feel we must end with a flop!

No. 11.—CHORUS OF NAVVIES—"THE JOLLY PIONEER."

Let the sailor hitch his slacks!
Let the soldier love attacks!
Let the farmer boast his stacks
Or his rick!
But for us the railway tracks,
And the shovel and the axe,
And the merry, merry, merry pick!

So here's a jolly cheer for the jolly pioneer
Who greater than a king is, greater;
And the finest education
Isn't worth the navigation
Of a navi-navi-navigator.

Let the brewer burn his ale!
Let the postman lose his mail!
Let the man who's out on bail
"Cut his stick!"
But our work shall never fail
Just as long as there's a rail,
And a merry, merry, merry pick!

Yes; a jolly buccaneer is the jolly pioneer,
Tho' his line it isn't known as the equator,
And there isn't any nation
But must use the navigation
Of a navi-navi-navigator.

No. 12.—SONG.—"WHICH MY SALLY DIDN'T LOVE ME TRUE."

(SAM. NUBBLES.)

I'm a railway navigator, and that's just what I am,
Which my Sally didn't love me true;
My surname it is Nubbles and my other name is Sam,
Which my Sally didn't love me true;
She listened to an orficer who wore a coat of red,
And talk'd the sort of lingo which will turn a lass's head;
So she isn't Mrs. Nubbles, for she married him instead.
Which my Sally didn't love me true.

Which my [his] Sally didn't love me [him] true,
Which my [his] Sally didn't love me [him] true;
From an honest tavern waiter,
I [he] became a navigator,
When my [his] Sally didn't love me [him] true.

I've journeyed on the Continent from Athens to Berlin,
Which my Sally didn't love me true;
I've trod the great Sahara and I've rambled to Pekin,
Which my Sally didn't love me true;
I've chased the cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo;
I've roasted legs of llama on volcanoes in Peru;
I've ridden upon ostriches and tamed the wily gnu,
Which my Sally didn't love me true.

Which my [his] Sally didn't love me [him] true,
Which my [his] Sally didn't love me [him] true;
Not the wondrous works of natur'
Could console a navigator,
When his Sally didn't love him true.

I don't know how I does it, but the ladies dote on me,
Which my Sally didn't love me true;
Of ev'ry sort of shape, they've been of high and low degree,
Which my Sally didn't love me true;
I might have had a duchess for a mother what's in law,
I might have had a Cherokee to be my blushing squaw,
Or half a dozen Turkish wives like any big bashaw,
Which my Sally didn't love me true.

Which my [his] Sally didn't love me [him] true,
Which my [his] Sally didn't love me [him] true;
And sooner, may be later,
She'll regret this navigator,
Though my [his] Sally didn't love me [him] true.

No. 18.—CONCERTED PIECE.

(NUBBLES, AMY, MILDRED, ALICE, NAVVIES *and* MILKMAIDS.)

AMY. Spare our village, men of toil,
Let your preparations cease!
Nature's aspect do not spoil;
Do not change our village peace!
Dear the breezy upland down;
Dear the forest thicket dense;
Do not make of this a town;
Spare our rustic innocence!

MILKMAIDS. Spare our village, strangers, pray;
Prithee, get you gone from hence!
Do not in our hamlet stay!
Do not wreck our innocence!

NUBBLES. Spare your village, lovely maid!
Aye! with pleasure an we could,
Since of us you are afraid,
Right it would be that we should;
But there is another cause
(To its plea be not unkind),
If we went by higher laws
We should leave our hearts behind.

NAVVIES. We should leave our hearts behind.
Our fond feelings, maidens, spare;
Keep us not in this suspense;
Bid us stay and we will share
In your rustic innocence.

AMY. What shall we say to this appeal;
For others' feelings we should feel.

MILKMAIDS. We should! we should!
NAVVIES. That's good! that's good!

AMY. Our principles aside we'll lay
On very moral shelves;
Suppose I say that they may stay
If they behave themselves?

MILKMAIDS. Yes! yes! if they'll behave themselves.

NAVVIES. Of course we will behave ourselves.

All. In this highly moral village
We / They'll will be as other men.
We'll / They'll go in for crops and tillage,
and be fast asleep by ten.
So all virtues we / they will practise;
At all vice we'll / they'll look askance,
And to prove that this the fact is,
Round the May pole we will dance!

No. 14.—FINALE.

CHORUS.

To the church away! to the church away!
Where the two shall be joined in one;
'Tis the time most gay on a wedding day,
When the wedding itself is done.
We shall laugh! ha! ha!
We shall quaff! ha! ha!
We shall join in the roundelay.
There is many a lass,
For Virginia would pass;
Many lads would be Paul to-day.

PAUL. Virginia, this we'll surely rue,
Since love has fled forever.

VIRG. Alas! dear Paul, you know 'tis true,
That I can love you never.

PAUL. / VIRG. Alas, we know
Not what to do;
We cannot, cannot sever!

Enter BROWN *and* LADY MAGNOLIA.

BROWN. / LADY MAG. Virginia, dear, for you I'm here.
My Paul, my Paul, for you I call.

PAUL. / VIRG. You are my life, my all in all.
You are my life, my all in all.

AMY. O grief! O horror! what a sight!

YOUNG. SONS. They surely must be all bereft,

ALICE. She whom we held as pattern bright;

MILK. He who of virtue was the light,
No sense of decency have left;

ALL. No sense of decency have left.

NAVVIES *and* PEASANTS.

Let us annihilate the one
Who has destroyed this hamlet's bliss.
Let retribution's work be done,
There is no other way but this!

They advance toward BROWNJONES.

VIRG. Spare him, spare him, for I love him
Listen to my pleading.
CHORUS. No! we must at once remove him;
Cease your interceding!

Enter DE VILLE.

DE VILLE. Stop! stop! and in your ardor pause;
Break not the greatest social laws.
O! rash ones, know I speak with cause,
For he is of no common kith.
He is, I swear,
The long lost heir,
To the great Marquisate of Smith.
ALL (*with awe*). Of Smith! of Smith! of Smith!

DE VILLE. Yes, yes! he is, upon my word,
A veritable living lord.
The Marquis, friends, of Smith.
CHORUS. A lord! A veritable living lord!
DE VILLE. Yes, yes; he is a real live lord.
BROWN. I feel I am a real live lord.
CHORUS. We feel you are a real live lord.

CHORUS. Forgive us for our conduct rough,
(*kneeling.*) Our manners don't be hard on,
You are a lord, and that's enough,
We humbly ask your pardon.
BROWN. Your manners I will not be hard on,
Take what you ask, a lordly pardon.
CHORUS (*joyously.*) Oh, joy! he grants his lordly pardon.
DE VILLE. Put on the robes which here await
Your new found dignity and state!
CHORUS. Your new found dignity and state!

Enter MRS. COWSLIP.

MRS. C. Ah! here is he, my turtle dove.
DE VILLE. The grandmamma I fondly love.

Enter NUBBLES.

NUB. Am I awake, or am I fuddled?
My Sally by a stranger cuddled;
And see, she doesn't drop it.
NAVVIES. Those lads, too, we must stop it.
MRS. C. Drop me, indeed; no, I drop you.

NAVVIES (*to Young. Sons.*) Here, stop this game.
DE VILLE. (*All cower before him.*) No! I stop you.
LADY MAG. Forget our past.
PAUL. That past forgive.
VIRG. And in the new love let us live.
ALL. Let us live.

VALSE REFRAIN.

It is love that we shall remember,
When the spring time has pass'd away;
When this May has become December,
It is true love, to live for aye!
For ever and aye!
For ever and aye!
For ever and for aye!

ACT DROP.

ACT II.

"THE TOWN OF CLIFTON SUPER-MARE."

No. 15.—OPENING CHORUS.

(BOATMEN, FISHWIVES and PEASANTS.)

Honest seaside folk are we,
Waiting for our daily prey;
Visitors who seek the sea,
For that sea must dearly pay.
At our prices let them whine,
We care nothing what they say—
While the seaside sun doth shine,
We will make our seaside hay.

BOATMEN. Have a rowing boat, sir,
Want to go afloat, sir;
Won't you go a sailing,
A sailing in the bay?
Take a hook and line, sir,
Fishing now is fine, sir,
Just the very weather, sir,
To-day, to-day!

FISHWIVES. Fish just freshly caught, ma'am,
Better can't be bought, ma'am;
Have a sole or lobster, have a mullet or a shrimp?
Try a mack*erel*, ma'am,
Or winkle in the shell, ma'am.
Buy a pound of salmon for to delicately crimp.

No. 16.—SCOTCH SOLILOQUY.

(PAUL.)

Oh! woman, like the wanton breeze,
When young thou dost but toy and tease;
When threescore years have lined thy brow,
An amatory nuisance thou!

No. 17.—SONG.—"THE MODEL LODGING HOUSE KEEPER."

(MRS. COWSLIP.)

Once I had a dairy,
I once had pigs and sheep,
But now a widow wary,
A lodging house I keep.

I make an humble pittance,
With my calling am content;
No matter if I have a tiff,
The lodger pays the rent.
There's a peer who's afflicted with quinsy,
There's a Russian who comes from the Dnieper;
There's a solemn Hindoo, and a gay "parley voo,"
And a Turk an inveterate sleeper;
There's a real Lord Mayor,
Who has twice "pass'd the chair;"
There's a widow no end of a weeper;
There's a Yankee who'll guess,
That their luck they should bless,
Since they lodge with their lodging keeper.
I am quite as autocratic
As the Czar upon his throne,
From the basement to the attic,
I let nobody alone.
I look into the larder,
With the coals I take French leave,
But what of that, I keep a cat,
A dreadful one to thieve.
Yes! there may be a lawyer who's sharper,
And there may be a judge who is deeper;
It's not easy to match
A detective on watch,
Or a weasel with never closed peeper;
A coon up a tree
Is as cute as can be,
And a serpent's a wily old creeper;
But an out and out dodger,
Must be the fresh lodger,
Who baffles this lodging house keeper!

No. 18.—BATHING CHORUS.

Oh! for a plunge in the briny!
Oh! for a bathe in the sea!
When the weather's remarkably shiny,
And the water's as warm as can be.
We can swim with one foot on the shingle,
Which prevents any going below;
We can paddle like dogs,
And can strike out like frogs,
In the breakers we fearlessly go.
Trip! trip! trip!
With a shiver, yet feeling so brave,
Dip! dip! dip!
Beneath the impetuous wave,
Slip! slip! slip!
With a hope there is no one to see.
Dip! dip! dip!
What bashful young mermaids are we!

No. 18½.—*Enter* VIRGINIA.

The sea gull carols overhead;
The puffin pipes on dizzy ledge,
The oyster sleeps within his bed,
Unmindful of the dredge;
The simple sole, the dreamy dab,
No filleting need dread;
The lobster claws the captious crab,
Nor dreams of turning red.
O my friends! all nature is gay.

CHORUS. Why not we? Why not we?

VIRG. Let us swim, let us lave,
In the health giving wave,
As fresh as the fish in the sea!

E.—SWELLS OF THE OCEAN.

(CHORUS OF BOYS.)

Heave ho! heave ho! on a larboard jib,
And shiver your timbers all;
Belay and avast before the mast,
In the teeth of a sudden squall.
O, let the binnacle meet the wind,
And the capstan run to leeward,
While the skipper and mate await the fate
That prepares them for the steward.
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!

CHORUS.

We are the swells of the ocean,
We are the boys of the sea;
There's never a tar but confesses we are
Just as jolly sea dogs as can be.
We are the swells of the ocean,
We are the boys of the sea;
There's never a tar but confesses we are
Just as jolly sea dogs as can be, can be.
Heave ho! heave ho!
Ship, ship ahoy!
Heave ho! heave ho!
Ship, ship ahoy!
Ship, ship ahoy!

Heave ho! heave ho! on a bending mast,
And an angry lopping sea,
And a fav'ring gale, and a swelling sail,
And a good ship running free.
O, merrily sings the horse marine
To his love, the gunner's daughter;
For the winds must blow if the ship's to go,
And in safety cross the water.
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!

CHO.—We are the swells, etc.

No. 19.—DUET.—"PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY."

(De Ville *and* Virginia.)

Virg. I perceive a real beauty
Has no end of real duty,
And that idle in her loveliness she can't afford to be;
That because she may be pretty,
And her sayings held as witty,
She can't live a life as lazy as a sloth upon the tree;
As a Venus quite Milesian;
Diana quite Ephesian,
A Fornarina, Ninon, or a Helen she may shine,
Her way won't be progressional,
If she be not professional,
For business with beauty most discreetly she'll combine.

De Ville First, you must get into stylish society,
Then in the newspapers gain notoriety;
Photographed, paragraphed all over town,
Poets must sing of you,
Scandal must ring of you,
Then a professional beauty goes down!

Virg. As you say it is your duty
To unite both work and beauty,
And in business you certainly must never lazy be;
You must be too, too seraphic
With the artists photographic;
And must charm the journalistic mind with many a quaint *on dit;*
You must smile upon all editors,
And must satisfy your creditors
With innocent flirtations with the Upper, Upper Ten;
And you must not be irrational,
But strictly international,
And even in America be worshipped by the men.

De V. } First you }
Virg. } I } must get into stylish society, etc.

A.—POLYGLOT TRIO.

(De Ville, Mrs. Cowslip and Nubbles.)

De V. English spoken rosbif portare biere,
Nubbles. Hang it! he must come from Lester Square!
De V. Parlez vous moi anglais comprong pas!
Nubbles. Surely I have met him at the Albam-*bra!*
Mrs. C. Little duck mon canard j'aime beaucoup!
De V. Petit chou mon cabbage, I love you!
Nubbles. Donnez mois les moustard sel aussi!
De V. Parlez bieng le frongsay nestce pas oui?

ALL. For we never need a grammar or a dictionaree,
We never have interpreters, such swells are we!
We can speak without a stammer each vocabularee,
We speak all sorts of languages with fluency, Oui! Oui!

DE V. Ich bin du bist I am a goot German!
NUBBLES. Und lager bier mit wurst dat drink I can!
DE V. Kalbscotlette und schinken, ach ja so!
MRS. C. Sweitzer kase und Rhein wein, down they go!
Pumpernickel deutcher love so well!
DE V. Sauer kraut, mein liebe, schweet does schmell!
NUBBLES. Ah! mein treuer herz ein brasser band!
DE V. Makes me think of mein own Vaterland!

ALL. For we never need a grammar or a dictionaree,
We never have interpreters, such swells we are!
We can speak without a stammer each vocabularee,
We speak all sorts of languages with fluency, Ja! Ja!

DE V. Italiano, bella com si fa!
NUBBLES. Pescatore chanta, tra la la!
DE V. Barcarola, Roma Napoli!
NUBBLES. Macaroni lazzaroni, si, si, si!
MRS. C. Plasta casta Como Rossini!
DE V. Barrel organ, olives, ancho-*vee!*
NUBBLES. Suona la tromba merrilee!
DE V. Molto bravo recitavo Salvini!

ALL. For we never need a grammar or a dictionaree,
We never have interpreters, such swells are we;
We can speak without a stammer each vocabularee,
We speak all sorts of languages with fluency, Si! Si!

No. 20.—BALLAD.—"THE LOVESICK LOON."

(DE VILLE.)

When I came from below,
Now how was I to know
That I ever should be such a gander,
As to simper and sigh, oh!
And foolishly try, oh!
At my time of life to philander.
I can *not* have heart,
Yet I feel such a smart
In the place where that organ is lacking;
Oh! why is it so?
And what am I to do
When a sweetheart my system is racking?

O! willow, willow waly, oh!
And willaloo as well;
What does it mean, I do not know;
O! prithee, some one tell.

In the days long gone by
With fair Proserpine, I
Once eloped when my name it was Pluto.
One Eurydice, too,
Got me into a stew
With a gentleman famed for his lute, oh!
When my name was Mephist-
O, I managed to myst-
ify Martha with plenty of butter;
But I never yet knew
What it was to feel blue,
And with love to be utterly utter.

O! willow, willow waly, oh!
And willaloo as well;
What does it mean, I do not know;
O! prithee, some one tell.
Willow, willow, willow waly, oh!
Willa-willa-loo! Waly, oh!

No. 21.—DUET.—"ONCE UPON A TIME."

(LADY MAGNOLIA AND PAUL.)

LADY MAG. Once I lov'd you, oh! how dearly
PAUL. Once I lov'd you too.
LADY MAG. Once I married you so nearly—
PAUL. I was just like you.
MAG. Once, and not so long ago,
We held callousness a crime.
PAUL. As you say, we held it so,
Once upon a time,
BOTH. Once upon a time,
Once upon a time,
So, the bells must chime,
For you and I
Must bid good-by
To "Once upon a time."

PAUL. Once I held you than all fairer,
MAG. Once I held you brave,
PAUL. Than all others, sweeter, rarer—
MAG. Once I was your slave.
PAUL. For that strange, sweet, mystic spell,
Was there reason, was there rhyme?
MAG. Why it was I cannot tell.
'Twas once upon a time,
Once upon a time,
So the bells must chime.
We bid farewell
To broken spell,
And "Once upon a time."

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CHORUS.

Painters use the brush and pencil,
Relics of a by-gone day;
Let them scribble, daub and stencil,
Artists we of finer clay.
Dear to us the blackened fingers,
Telling of collodion's flow;
While a subtle fragrance lingers,
In the darkened studio.
Life artistic,
Weird and mystic.
Don't you move your head, sir,
Still as if you're dead, sir,
Don't you breathe or wink your eye, but try to look sweet;
Be careful not to laugh, ma'am,
And spoil your photograph, ma'am.
Like to have a cabinet of cartes-de-visite?

(*Spoken.*) One, two, three, four, five, six. Thanks, that'll do nicely!

No. 22—DUET—"THE BRITISH PEER."

(BROWN AND VIRGINIA.)

BROWN. The duty, it is clear, of ev'ry British peer,
Is to recollect that he is born a lord,
He should ne'er forget his station
Is a tribute from the nation,
Of his transcendental merits an inadequate reward.
Tho' at Eton he is beaten,
Still, his chastisement 'twill sweeten
To remember that he's not as other men.
Tho' his skin from birch may tingle,
With what joy his tears must mingle
When he haughtily reflects his seat is midst the upper ten.

(*Refrain.*)

Rajahs you'll find in the glowing Carnatic;
Doges once liv'd by the fair Adriatic;
Pashas still rule o'er the Mussulman Turk.
But, cold European or warm Asiatic,
There's none with position or will so emphatic,
So thoroughly great and so aristocratic,
As he who is bound in the pages of "Burke."*

VIRGINIA. He must ne'er forget his race
Should entitle him to place,
Or a courtly situation that is good.
Tho' his grandsire dealt in pickles,
Yet his lordship never stickles
To declare his fine ancestral tree took root before the flood.

---

* "Burke's Peerage" is the standard authority on the House of Lords.

If a spendthrift, he may gamble;
Tho' a landlord, he may ramble,
Without receiving either slight or sneer;
He may please his whims fantastic,
And may marry e'en an Aztec,
If he resolutely bears in mind that he's a British peer.

No. 23.—BALLAD—TWO LIVES AND TWO LOVES.

(VIRGINIA.)

O! life I lived, come back to me,
That life of mingled joy and pain;
O! life I live, let me be free,
And live that other life again;
One life no pleasure seems to lack,
With fairest smiles and laughter gay,
And yet, O! other life, come back,
With whisper sweet of yesterday;
O! life I lived, come back again,
And rich in poverty I'll be;
This life is but a shadow vain,
O! life I lived, come back to me!
O! love I loved, and love alway,
What blindness came across our sight;
Come back, O! love of yesterday,
And change the darkness of this night.
Tho' each of us has plighted troth,
Tho' neither of us now is free,
Bring back one hour of joy to both—
Come back, O! love I lost, to me!
O! love I loved, come back again,
E'en for one hour my love to be;
This love was but a shadow vain;
O! love I lost, come back to me!

No. 24.—DUET—"DOES IT CATCH ON?"

(NUBBLES AND DE VILLE.)

DE VILLE. In a quiet tête-a-tête,
Let me state I loathe and hate
Your vulgar and familiar address,
For I cannot make you quake,
Nor your self possession shake;
And you stubbornly resist my magical finesse,
So I very plainly say,
One of us must go away,
A fact that you must also see is true;
And I'm sure you are the one
Who had better quick be gone.
Say, how does it catch on with you?

DE VILLE. Does it catch on?
NUB. Not at all!
DE VILLE. Does it catch on?
NUB. Not at all!
DE VILLE. You don't mean to say
You will not go away?
DE VILLE. Does it catch on?
NUB. Not at all!

NUB. Since it's come to this, by jingo,
I won't stand such haughty lingo;
Which, allow me, for to tell you ain't polite,
And your threats I can defy,
Since your bark is all my eye,
And it isn't Sammy Nubbles fears your bite;
At your imperence I laughs,
At your impotence I chaffs,
Which, it strikes me very forcibly you'll rue
I don't fear your luck at all,
I was born, sir, with a caul.
Say, how does that catch on with you?

NUB. Does it catch on?
DE VILLE. (*aghast.*) With a caul.
NUB. Does it catch on?
DE VILLE. With a caul.
NUB. So you cannot alarm me,
Or frighten, or harm me.
Does it catch on?
DE VILLE. } Not at all,
NUB. } With a caul.

No. 25.—GRAND FINALE.

BROWN. The spell is o'er,
LADY MAC. And now no more
VIRG. Shall magic ring true sweetheart change,
PAUL. For thou art mine,
VIRG. And I am thine.
MRS. C. } From { Sammy's } arms no more I'll range.
NUB. } { Sally's }
NUB. Tell the story of the Spelldom,
In its moral be precise;
And remark that very seldom
Virtue so discomfits vice,
Virtue so discomfits vice!
DE VILLE. I will not quarrel with your mo
You'll want me back with you.
CHORUS. No! no! no! no!
Go! go! go! go!

DE VILLE. (*Scattering cards*) Well, take a card or two!
And if any one wishes to know
My address and the star where I go,
That man I would tell
To just go to—
CHORUS. Well?
DE VILLE. He'll have to go *up*—not below.
CHORUS. But we're none of us wanting to know
Your address and the star where you go;
For we mean to be good,
As we most of us should,
If you never had come from below.
DE VILLE. (*Ascending.*) Ho! ho!
CHORUS. Go! go!
DE VILLE. } Ho! ho!
CHORUS. } Go! go!

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